

FACTION

of this Excellent

**DISPLAY'D.
POEM.**

POEM.

ANSWER'D

Paragraph by Paragraph.

LONDON:

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NOTICE
To the Concealed
AUTHOR of this Excellent
POEM:

When *Dryden's* Tuneful Celebrated Muse
Did God-like *David* for her Subject Choose,
She soar'd above her known and common Height,
To Heav'n she rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n she took her flight.
Such is your Muse's Subject, such her Tongue,
Witness this Polished and Melodious Song:
Where the same Majesty of Verse;
The same just Style, the same deep Sense appears.
No Jest nor Puns deform the studied Page,
But all his Manly Thought and Noble Rage;
But all along the mighty Genius shines,
Informs and animates the Facted Lines.
Not Heav'nly *Horace* more correctly writ,
Tho' to refine his Sense united met,
The Critick's Judgment, and the Poet's Wit.

C. D.

To the Unknown AUTHOR of the In-
comparable P O E M.

Faction Display'd.

O Matchless Genius! Whose exalted Lays
Transcend my humble and unequal Praise.
Not fam'd *Apelles* Pencil could express
The Beauteous Heav'n of *Cytherea's* Face;
Nor any Art your Muse's Image draw,
Who what she is, like Light, her self can only show.

Let other Poets, in untuneful Verse,
Or *Delia's*, or *Lardella's* Charms rehearse;
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice,
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.
But you refin'd, your more extended Thought
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning fraught)
Pursues a loftier Theam, a nobler Height,
And Fathoms all the Secrets of the State;
Displays the *Wily Arts* of Human-Kind,
How *Faction* sours the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind.

Strong and Majestick does your Stile appear,
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.
With nicest Art, you turn each Polish'd Line,
To make your Darling *Celsus* in full Lustre shine.
But oh! In what a moving Strain you Mourn
O're the belov'd *Marcellus* sacred Urn,
Mingling the sweetest Joy with the severest Grief,
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you Wound, at once Relieve.

'Twas Harmony as Learned Antients thought)
The Nat'ral World to Form and Order brought,
And may your Heav'nly ever Tuneful Lays,
(Make all our Factions, our Divisions cease)
Char m and Compose the *Moral World* to Peace.

}

To the READER.

TIS the Criticks Objection to *Lucan*, that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that Reason he may perhaps delight less; yet he certainly instructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more distinct Idea of the Characters of *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Cato*, and *Brutus*, than we have of *Augustus* (under the Person of *Aeneas*) in *Virgil*. We have Truth and Nakedness in one; Fiction and Embellishment in the other. Tho' some Fault (I beg Pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses: But I have this to say for myself, that tho' I may fall as far short of some of the Whig-Writers in Poetry, as *Lucan* does of *Virgil*, yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Design: but described a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the restless and turbulent Spirits of some Men, even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken Reflecting or Scandalous; for Youth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes Unseasonable. But he must own, that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is Projected upon a more refined Policy, and experienced Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other; and it is not the Fault of our Constitution that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil; and what some Philosophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Universe, that it subsists by the constant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of England. For it is Compounded of so many obstinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconciled than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Disputes too to the End of the World.

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Set of Mercenary Writers, who, like the Swiss-Soldiers, are always ready to fight on the Side that pays best. And as none has labour'd more, so none is more Scandalous, than a certain Doctor, who after having Scribbled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son into Preferment, has lately appeared in his proper Colours, and unsaid what he formerly urg'd with so much Vehemence, and pretended Zeal for his Country's Good. Trimming was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that Tom Double had been his own Character; but now we plainly see what his Aim was. This Cerberus resolv'd to continue Barking, till his Mouth was stopp'd with some Delicious Morsel, which has at last happily compos'd his Fury into Peace and Moderation. We are like to be well instructed indeed, when such Men as these pretend to give us Schemas of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, because he was Read with Pleasure, when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentments of the Proceedings of a Devout Ministry, that he can therefore impose his own shuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reason and Justice then, will be so still in spite of all the Poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary, and if he had had the least degree of Modesty, he would either have pursued his former Notions, or have been silent.

But such a Cause could expect no better an Advocate, and those who impley'd him to propose and recommend their Trimming Measures (which always proceed from Cowardize or Self-interest) have the Meritification to see him receiv'd with that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.

I wish the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation have not already put it out of their Power to Crush the Faction, which they have hitherto so imprudently Cherish'd, and which at last (if I have not Display'd it in very false Colours) will certainly Tear and Destroy the Government.

Faction display'd. A Poem.

Answer'd Paragraph by Paragraph.

The PREFACE.

THERE needs very little by way of Reply to this Turbulent Author in his Preface. Had He only dealt in Critical Compassions between Virgil and Lucan, I should not have put my self to any Trouble about him: But since He runs as much contrary to his Former Principles, as He makes Dr Davenant to it as clear contrary to his Principles, when He Writ Tom Double; since He takes upon Him an Air of Sincerity, and from one of those He brands with the Name of Factions is turn'd Malcontent, in order to grumble Himself into a Post, though He conceals His Name, I shall take the Liberty to Point Him out in those Noble Peers Characters, which He undertakes to Display and render Odious to His Reader. Wherefore omitting his own Panegyrick upon Himself, which He Subscribes with the first Letters of Two Pretended Admirers, I shall enter into the Merit of His Poem, and begin with his Invocation.

B Faction

Faction Display'd.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
 Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,
 Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmen's Hearts,
 Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts.
 Say, how a Fierce Caball Combin'd of late,
 Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the State;
 What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to Complain
 In *Anna's* Gentle and Propitious Reign.

Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
 Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.
 Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
 By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
 She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
 And *Jove's* avenging Thunder to defy.
 She rais'd the Hand, that struck the fatal Blow;
 Which *Martyr'd Jove's* Vicegerent here below;
 She still pursues him with relentless Hate,
 Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Insults his Fate.
 'Tis She, that wou'd, for ev'ry slight Offence,
 Depose a true Hereditary Prince;
 That would *Usurpers* for their Treason Crown,
 Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
 And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reassert their rightful Throne.

Ans. Very notable Lines, good Mr Pr——r. This Faction is the Devil and all of a Mutiny-mongering Wench, and your description of Her is less hideous than it deserves. That it occasion'd the Martyrdom of King *Charles* the First, is by all hands taken for granted,

ed, that it *pursues his Memory* with relentless Hate, no Person will deny. But if you would but look back a little into your self 14 or 15 Years since, you'll find your own Worship among the number of those, that stickled to vindicate the Revolution in 1688. Though, now I think of it, one Mouse has got a Title, and an Important Employ without the other, and since your little hopes to squeeze your self among the number of the Courtiers, you are for having *Exil'd Monarchs Re-assert their Rightful Throne*, which if you should explain your self in, and acquaint the World whom you mean by *Usurpers*, you might perhaps in your own Person mount the Ladder of Preferment.

No Constitution in the World can Boast
 A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Just,
 Than *England's* are ; where Sov'reign, Kingly sway,
 Is *mixt* and qualify'd with such Allay,
 That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
 Nor yet so basely *mixt*, as that our Kings
 Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things.
 For tho', indeed, they can have no Pretence
 With *Fundamental Contracts* to Dispence,
 (For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,
 Prerogative is High, and unrestrain'd.
 In equal Distance from Extremes we move,
 No Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.
 Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
 Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
 Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra* State
 Whose many Heads threaten each others Fate,
 And load their Body with unweildy Weight.
 But a Successive Monarchy we own,
 With all the lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old Establish'd *English* Frame,
 Which might have flourish'd Ages yet the same,
 But for this Envious Fiend ; who still prepares
 To sow the Seed of long Intestine Wars.

Ans. Our Constitution is just, that It is for certain, and it is our Happiness, that we have the House of Lords to hold the Ballance between Prince and People, but it was your Business to find fault with our Constitution, that make it your endeavour to unhinge, by its falling foul with a Committee that met in a Parliamentary way to examine into some Proceedings, that seem'd to threaten Queen, Lords and Commons, with immediate Destruction.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Desolation Reigns ;
(Fatal Prefage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line !)
There stands an Antique Venerable Pile,
Whose Lords were once the Glories of our Isle :
But now it Mourns that Race of Heroe's dead,
And droops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for better Ends design'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction's* Refuge ; where she keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Resort.
Here, when their *glorious N——* fell, they met
On new Resolves and Measures to Debate.

Ans. The Family of the *Sey——* is so eminently distinguish'd by its worth, that it deservedly stands in Competition with the best in *England* ; and as the present *D. of So——* is Possess'd by Marriage of *Northumberland House*, and the Estate belonging to that Illustrious Name, so his Conduct has been all along answerable to the Noble Blood he is descended from.

Say then, my Muse, their secret Thoughts display,
Expose their dark Designs to open Day.

This Grand *Caball* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghosts and Furies always shun the Light)
Despair and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
Till *Mors* rose (the Master of the Dome)

'A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L——,
 Who prov'd his want of Sense in ev'ry word,
 When hissing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke loose;
 'I take it as an Honour that you've Chose
 'For this debate, your humble Servant's House.
 'The House henceforward shall Recorded stand,
 'As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land;
 'And I to future Ages be renown'd,
 'The *Party's* Bullwark, and the Nation's Mound.
 'Now N——, —, the immortal N——'s gone,
 'We justly his untimely Herse Bemoan
 'O that I could restore his Life again!
 'For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain?
 Full of such Stuff, he would have giv'n it vent,
 But that Black *Ario's* Fierceness did prevent.

Ans. If King *Wm.* had any skill in chusing a Wise Ministry, or Her
 Present Majesty is deservedly famous, for making use of none a-
 bout her, but Persons of particular Merit, then my L——d of
So———'s Character, whom he represents under the feign'd
 Name of *More* must be false of consequence, since he was Pre——t
 of the Co——cil to the first, and is M——r of the H——se to the
 last.

A *Scotch*, Seditious, unbelieving Priest,
 The Brawny Chaplain of the *Calves-Head-Feast*;
 Who first his Patron, then his Prince betray'd,
 And does that Church, he's Sworn to guard, Invade.
 Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;
 'To talk of calling Life-agen is vain.
 'Peace to the *Glorious* dead. We justly mourn
 'His Ashes, ever sacred be his Urn:
 'But here, my L——, we are together met,
 'To vow to A——'s Sceptre endless Hate.
 'For since my hope of *Winton* is expir'd,
 'With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
 'I'll writ, and talk, and preach her Title down,
 'My thund'ring Voice shall shake her in the Throne;
 'Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.

Ans. I can't answer for *Ario* for some prejudices he possibly may have imbib'd by way of Education, but though he is not of a Persecuting Genius in Matters of Faith, I never heard he was a Member of the Calves Head Feast before. He is eminent for Learning, and his Works will praise him in the Gate without a Trumpeter; and 'tis Impossible that a Gentleman possess'd of one of the highest Dignities in the Church, should be an Enemy to a Queen, that is so Zealous for Establishing Episcopacy, and the Religion Establish'd which he is a Professor of. As for the story concerning his being Chaplain to the Duke of Lauderdale, 'tis all of a piece with other Matters that have been laid to his Charge, and *Credat Judæus Apelles non Ego*, I am not of your Poetical Opinion.

A Pause ensu'd, till *Patriarcho's* Grace,
Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unweildy Mass;
A Mass unanimated with a Soul,
Or else he'd ne're be made so vile a Tool;
He'd ne're his Apostolick Charge Prophane,
And *Atheists*, and * *Fanaticks* Cause maintain.
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The Bulky Pimate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.

* The
Maid-
stone
Lecture.

' I much approve my Brother's Zealous Heat,
' Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
' On which Success and Praise will ever wait.
' But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
' Unpractic'd in their Arts, and studied Rules;
' By which they make the Wisest of us Fools.
' The Task be therefore Yours, to forge some Plot,
' And I'll be ready with my trusty Vote,
' Nor e're give your Commands a second Thought.
' Tho' I were Mute, you must confess I've Stood,
' Fixt as a Rock, amidst the beating Flood.
' Witness St. A——ph's, and St. D——d's Cause,
' Where obstinately I transgress'd the Laws,
' And did in either Case Injustice show,
' Here sav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o're a Foe.

Ans.

Ans. My L——d A——p of Ca——ry, has both Written and Preach'd so Learnedly, in defence of the Church of *England*, that what is aim'd at him, must of consequence redound to the Author's Infamy, where there is a Tolleration by Act of Parliament; there it belongs not to the Episcopal Function to disturb any Persons in the Exercise of their several Religions, and the *Maidstone* Lecture is no other than what should result from Royal Indulgence, since the Grant of it has been confirm'd from the Throne, both from this and the precedent Reign, and such Lectures by the Dissenting Clergy have been allow'd of, and Weekly held in all the principal places of *England*, and the Dominions belonging to it. As for the charge against his Grace in St. A——b's and St. D——d's Affair, his whole management in their concerns has appear'd in Publick; and where one was Convicted of Symony, and the other only suspected, it oblig'd this most Reverend Pri——re to make such a Degree pursuant to his High Office, as has deterr'd others from being Guilty of the like Evil Practices.

Then old *Mysterio* shook his Silver Hairs,
 Loaded with Learning, Prophecy and Years,
 Whom Faction's Zeal to fierce *Unchristian* Strife,
 Had hurry'd in the last Extream of Life.
 Strange Dotage! Thus to Sacrifice his Ease,
 When Nature whispers Men to Crown their Days
 With sweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
 Fore-knowledge struggled in his heavy Brest;
 Ere he in these dark Terms his Fears exprest.
 'The Stars rowl adverse, and malignant shine,
 'Some dire Portend! Some Comet I divine!
 'I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
 'That A—— to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.
 'Howe're, tho' She, and all her Senate frown,
 'I'll wage eternal War with P——ton,
 'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
 As he went on, his Tongue a trembling seiz'd,
 And all his pow'r of Utterance suppress'd.
 So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inspiring God,
 She raving lost her Voice, and Speechless stood.

Ans. Whatever private Animosities there might happen been between the B. of *Worcester*, and Sir *J. Pa-ton*, it is not in my Sphere to determine. The House of Commons have had this Business under their consideration, and the result of their Debates has been in favour of the latter, However, this I dare speak without giving Offence, that though some People give him the Character of Being *Revelation Mad*, it would be well for them if they were possess'd of this *Madness* of his, and not so much Strangers to his great Moderation, and Enemies to his Virtues as they are.

Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd!
 How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
 How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
 When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?
Laud, tho' by some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
 Whilst *Patriaacho* is despis'd and scorn'd,
 Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemish'd Life, divinely Pure,
 In its own heav'nly Innocence Secure,
 The teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy shall endure.

Ans. Though I am far from Dissenting from the Established Church, I cannot but observe, that the violent measures taken in some Reigns to make Men to conform to it, mightily took away from the Beauties of our Holy Religion, which enjoyns the spirit of Meekness, and conversion by gentle Methods, which though I have as great a Veneration for Archbishop *Laud's* Memory as any one living, I cannot say were made use by him: See the History of those Times, neither was that Good Man Archbishop *Sancroft* himself infallible, if you read him in his Behaviour to that Prince, whom he was depriv'd for.

When for th' Establish'd Faith they should contend,
 Meekness and Christian Charity pretend;
 But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
 For *Schism* and *Toleration* they engage;
 With strange Delight and Eagerness espouse
Occasional Conformists shameful Cause;
 Oppress thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.

Thy

Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
And tamely thy Essential Rights resign.
Thy antient Truths with Modern Glosses blend,
Destroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
Such Arts have Christianity o'rethrown :
For *Septicism*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Despairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

Ans. The Dissenters and we so little differ in the main Essentials of Religion, that they cannot be said to be Schismatics, though they do not conform to our Worship, and the Bp. of *Salisbury's* Learned Speech in Vindication of Occasional Conformity, sufficiently makes appear that it is a Christian Duty incumbent upon every one to bring Men over to the True Faith, not by *pecuniary Mulets*, &c. but by force of Argument and sound Reason, which ought to be the only Weapons of the Church.

But Muse proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would Inflame thy Satyrizing Song.

Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
What this Triumvirate of Priests declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel-Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Disgrace ;
Whose Working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
No Tendernefs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a Rake he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant.
So Satan can in differing Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness wear.
Thrice he Blasphem'd, and Thrice he frantick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r ;
Then wav'd his Staff, and said :
' Tho' N——'s Death has all our Measures broke,
' Yet never will we bend to A——'s Yoke.

' The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
 ' If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
 ' Let all be Chaos, and Confusion all,
 ' E're that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
 ' O had he liv'd to Perfect his Design,
 ' We ne're had been Subjected to her Reign,
 ' But rooted out the St———'s hated Line !
 ' Howe're, since Fate has otherwise decreed,
 ' We may on his unfinish'd Scheme proceed.
 ' We may 'gainst Pow'r repos'd in One inveigh,
 ' And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
 ' We may the Praises of the *Dutch* advance,
 ' Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
 ' Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria's* Flood,
 ' Which for ten rowling Centuries has stood.
 ' Argue how th' *Roman* and *Athenian* State
 ' Were only when Republicks truly Great.
 ' 'Tis easy the Unreas'ning Mob to guide,
 ' For they are always on the Faction's side.
 ' This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Resort,
 ' To Manage and Cajole S———'s Court.
 ' To land alone for such a work is fit,
 ' In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
 ' The *Scotch*, a Rough Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
 ' Have long at *England's* growing Power repin'd.
 ' Nor need we, with unnecessary Care,
 ' Endeavour to foment Rebellion there.
 ' For scarce our N———'s Empire they endur'd,
 ' Tho' he their antient Liberties restor'd,
 ' And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord.
 ' But (Health suppos'd) to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
 ' And right or wrong Usurp the Common's Chair ;
 ' That Point once gain'd, we'll soon secure our Cause,
 ' Soon undermine our hot-brain'd tarring Foes.
 ' At least Ill substitute some Wealthy Friend,
 ' Who shall with Heat and Arrogance contend——
 ' To thwart the Court in ev'ry just Command.

So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* design'd,
 And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his mind,
 In such a warm Harangue his Friends address'd,
 And open'd all the Secrets of his Brest.

Ans. As for this Honourable Person introduc'd under the Name of *Clodio*, He and his Ancestors have been so serviceable to the Monarchy, such adherers to the Royal Family, and such constant Well-wishers for the Good of their Native Country, as to give the Lye to every Tittle of any suppos'd Crime laid to his charge; and our Author would do well to let us understand his own Principles, before he falls foul on those of others, whom he knows only by Hearsay, and reconcile his being Secretary to some Embassies in a late Reign, to his Behaviour in this which stands upon the same Foundation.

This hit *Sigillo's* Thoughts, and made him cool,
 Tho just before he scarcely could Controul
 The stormy Passion swelling in his Soul;
 His restless Soul, that rends his sickly Frame,
 Worn with a Poys'nous and corroding Flame.

An unjust J——e, and blemish of the M——,
 Witness the *Bankers* long depending Case.

A shallow Statesman, tho' of mighty Fame,
 For who can e're that curst *Par——on* name,
 But to his foul Disgrace, and to his Shame?

Besides, in spite of all his loud defence,
 He shew'd a want of Honesty or Sense,
 In passing ev'ry plund'ring Courtier's Grants.

He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
 Deist, Republican, Adulterer.

Thus his lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,
 And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.

'There spoke the Guardian Genius of our Cause,
 'Whose ev'ry word deserves divine Applause.

'Not ev'n * *Cethego's* self could form a Plot,

'More nicely Spun. more exquisitely Wrought.

'Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,

'The Glory of the Revolution claim.

* The Person
 here Represented,
 was living
 at the time of
 this Cabal.

'Twas

'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
 Did *James*, and all his *Jesuit-train* defeat.
 He knew reveal'd Religion was a Jest,
 Impos'd upon the World by some designing Priest.
 Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols bow'd,
 Prevaricating with his King, his God.
 A *Proteus*, ever acting in Disguise,
 A finish'd Statesman, Intricately Wise,
 A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above
 The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love;
 Whose harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse,
 Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curse.
 But why should I *Cethego's* Praise pursue,
 When all his Vertues, *Clodio*, shine in you.
 You can another *Revolution* frame,
 The same your Principle, your Skill the same.
 Whilst then the wav'ring *Irish* are your Care,
 Believe we'll use our utmost Efforts here,
 Nor time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money spare.
Cethego in your Absence shall preside
 O're our Debates, and ev'ry Consult guide.
 Like the Supream directing Hand of *Jove*,
 Shall act unseen, and all around him move.
 I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
 Will find a way to sanctify our Cause,
 Will prove, in *Passive Jacobites* despight,
 Rebellion is a Free-born Peoples Right.
 Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
 We'll mould the Stern Free-holders to our Hand;
 Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.
 When with our faithful City Friends we Dine,
 We'll mingle Treason with the flowing Wine.
 We'll plant in ev'ry Coffee-house a Spy,
 That boldly shall the Ministry decry;
 Shall praise the past, the present Reign Condemn,
 And all their Measures, all their Councils Blame.

- ' Shall spread a thousand idle, groundless Tales,
- ' Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P---ce of W---;
- ' Shall never fail Objections Still to raise,
- ' (Whatever is transacted with Success)
- ' And turn their greatest Honour to Disgrace.
- ' This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
- ' From sweetest Things will rankest Poyson draw.

Ans. Great Abilities will be the Subjects of Envy, while Merit has any Being; otherwise the L. S---rs would be more favourably dealt by. The Defects of a crazy Constitution this worthy Peer is not to answer for: but his learned Arguments are unanswerable to any Pretender whatsoever. Never were fewer Decrees revers'd than those he made when in possession of the Great Seal: And the *Bankers Case*, which you bring as an Instance of Injustice, is the highest Argument of his Sense of his Duty to his Prince and Country. Neither would the *Partition-Treaty*, had it stood good, give grounds for an Impeachment: For the Success of Matters quite alters the Property, and *Prosperum & Felix scelus virtus vocatur*, is what the Tragedian *Seneca* has affirm'd in his Writings, and would have excus'd this learned Lord from any Imputation whatsoever. As for his being a *Deist*, *Republican*, or *Adulterer*, good Mr. P---r, pull the Mote out of your own Eye first, since you are sufficiently known, by your Associates whom you converse with, to be not averse to Men of that Character.

Narcisso next, Magnificently Gay,
 Smil'd his Assent, but not a word would say.
 He fear'd to strain his Voice by Talking loud,
 Nor was his Quail-pipe made for such a Crowd.
 A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,
 Who Dresses Whores and Games his Time away.
 Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
 With all that Wealth, profusely spent, supplies.
 And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
 An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.

Ans. How instrumental this Noble Peer has been in the Publick Welfare, may be seen in his Behaviour both in the late Reign and the Present. His Indefatigable Industry, and his Continuance in his High Trust, are undeniable Instances of his Zeal for

the Good of his Country, which he is brave enough to venture, is all for the Support of. So that the Character of *Narcisso*, which is what belongs to a Self-lover, very ill suits with a Person of his Deportment, that keeps at Court for the sake of others, and not himself.

Then squeal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we here the Blust'ring Speech repeat. }
A Bully L---, whose wild mad Looks proclaim
His Bosom warm'd with more than Heroe's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,
Promiscuously opposing wrong and right.
What e're he does is always in Extreame,
Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory* damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
He never was, nor e're will be Content
With any Prince, with any Government.

Ans. If to be brave, is to be a Bully, then this Noble Peer has a Title to the Character, not otherwise. For his Conduct has been such, as to shew a Steadiness of Temper, and a Manly Resolution, amidst the Misfortunes of his Country, when divided into separate Interests, as will enroll his Name among the List of the best Patriots, and render his Name precious to Posterity; when those of his Accusers will be swallow'd up in Infamy and Contempt.

Last rose *Batbillo*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays.
A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool,
Opinionatively wise, and pertly dull.
A Demy-Statesmen, Talkative and Loud, }
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Gesture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Associates vainly he bespoke.
' Do you perform the Politician's Part,
' I'll bring the Assistance of the Muses Art.

' The Poet Tribe are all at my Devoir,
 ' And write as I command, as I inspire.
 ' C---g---ve for me *Pastora's* Death did Mourn,
 ' And her white Name with *Sablé Verse* adorn.
 ' R——too is mine, and of the *Whiggish* Train,
 ' 'Twas he that Sung Immortal *Tamerlane*,
 ' Tho' now he dwindles to an *humbler Strain. } *The Fair
 ' I help'd to Polish G---th's rough, awkward Lays, } Penitent.
 ' Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's praise.
 ' W---sh Votes with us, who, though he never writ,
 ' Yet passes for a Critick and a Wit.
 ' Van's Baudy, Plotless Plays were once our Boast,
 ' But now the Poet's in the Builder lost.
 ' On A——son we safely may depend,
 ' A Pension never fail's to gain a Friend.
 ' Thro' *Alpine Hills* he shall my Name resound,
 ' And make his Patron known in *Classick Ground*.
 ' These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
 ' Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecenas* too.
 ' Princes but sit unsettled on their Thrones,
 ' Unless supported by *Apollo's* Sons.
 ' *Augustus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian* Muse,
 ' And happier N——had his M——gues.
 ' But A——, that ill fated Tory Queen,
 ' Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.

Ans. My Lord *Bathillo* has no more than he expected from you, and is under no small Obligations to you for praising him with your way of Scandal; who, like the Mouse which you pretended was stoll'n from you, take a delight in nibbling other Peoples Reputation. When you come to have such a Vote in Parliament in Commendation of your great Worth, as he has had, then you may think you are unjustly dealt with in not being a Lord too; till then, Sir, your Humble Servant, you have no Poets to write in your Praise: But you may rail at those in Verse, whose Performances you cannot exceed, as *Congreve*, *Row*, *Vanbrug*, *Addison* and *Walsh*, who may chance to make a Looby of you, for depriving him of the honour of Translating the 3d Act of the Famous Subscription Farce, call'd, *Squire Trelooby*, which

which had a Triumvirate of these Wits to introduce it to their Stage,
and shew's, that he has written as well as your Worship.

Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
For ev'ry Rebel Heart has not a Tongue.
Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of P——,
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B——rs and Cits,
Tofters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
Compos'd the Medly Crew ; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.
For since the Muse would Blush to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency restrain the Invective Rhimes.

Ans. My L. of O——d, says, he's your humble Servant, for making
a Sea-God of him, and sends you word, that you may Rhime upon
him as long as you will : His Services are sufficiently known to the
whole World ; and, *Win Gold, and wear it*, is an uncontestable
Proverb, that all our Admirals can't say, that have gone to Sea since
his Discharge from his high Employment. For it's well known he
never miss'd an Opportunity of Fighting an Enemy, when he could
meet with one, as has been put in practice since his time. Sir G——
and Admiral Gr——den for that.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the *Throng*
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
Asserted, and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

Now this Assembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Biblipolo* from behind appear'd,
As well describ'd by the old Satyrick Bard ;
With leering Looks, Bullfac'd: and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.

Sweating

Sweating and Puffing for a while he stood,
 And then broke forth in this insulting Mood.
 ' I am the Touchstone of all Modern Wit,
 ' Without my stamp in vain your Poets write.
 ' Those only purchase everliving Fame,
 ' That in my Miscellany Plant their Name.
 ' Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
 ' Because I follow a Mechanick Trade,
 ' I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours spread.
 ' I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
 ' A Club that gave Direction to the State.
 ' 'Twas there we first instructed all our Youth,
 ' To talk Prophane and laugh at Sacred Truth.
 ' We taught them how to Tost, and Rhime, and Bite,
 ' To Sleep away the Day, and Drink away the Night.
 Some this fantastick Speech approv'd, some Sneer'd,
 The Wight grew Cholerick, and disappear'd.

Ans. What the Devil has poor *Jacob Tonson* done to you, that he must be drawn in by the Head and Shoulders? Oh! now I smoke it; *Jacob's* the poor Keeper to the *Kit-Kat Club*; and some of your Works have accompanied the renown'd *Tom Durfy's*, in being usher'd into that Assembly, under the Bottom of Mutton Pies and Tarts; or you would never in return to his Civility make him a Companion for Quality. Ten to one, but *Jacob* is witty upon you for this, and returns the Compliment in his next *Miscellany*, which you make so slight of.

Mean time the Fury smil'd, who all this while
 Sat hov'ring on the Summit of the Pile.
 A secret and exulting Joy she finds,
 To see her Influence brooding on their Minds;
 And the bare Prospect of such Noble Ills
 Her thoughts with rapt'rous Speculation fills.
 Then She—

' With what delight do I my Sons behold,
 ' So resolutely Brave, so fiercely Bold.
 ' Sure nothing can resist their boundless Course;
 ' Nothing subdue their well united Force.
 ' *Volpone*, who will solely now Command
 ' The Publick Purse, and T---f---e of the Land,
 ' Wants Constancy and Courage to oppose
 ' A Band of such exasperated Foes.
 ' For how should he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
 ' Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare ?
 ' What did he e're in all his Life perform,
 ' But shrunk at the Approach of every Storm ;
 ' But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
 ' With *Moderation Principles* Inspir'd,
 ' Forsook his Friends and decently Retir'd. }
 ' Nor has he any real just Pretence
 ' To that vast Depth of Politicks and Sense.
 ' For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's high,
 ' To manage an o'reflowing T---f---y ?
 ' Or where the Sense to know the Tricks of Game,
 ' Since *S---ms*, *Sir Ja--es*, *H--ll--way* may claim, }
 ' A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame ?

Ans. Most notably spoken, Mrs. *Fury* ; for no body but your Ladyship would find Fault with a L---d H. T---r, that has done more in two Years, than has ever been accomplish'd, since the Duke of *Leeds* and Earl of *Rocheſter's* Administration of those Affairs. The Nation is too sensible of his unparallell'd Truth and Integrity, to lessen in their Esteem of him : And make use of what Invectives you will ; compare him to common Sharpers, 'tis all one, we reap the Benefit of his wise Conduct. Her Majesty has all imaginable Satisfaction in his Faithful Services ; and is sensible, while she labours for the Publick Good, his Management of the Sinews of War, will enable her to give *Europe* a Safe, Honourable and Lasting Peace.

' I fear the Man, who dares the Truth assert,
 ' Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
 ' The Patriot's Soul disdains the Trimmer's Art.
 ' Such *Celsus* is, but I foresee his Fate.
 ' To be supplanted by *Sempronia's* Hate.
 ' (*Sempronia* of a Lewd *procuring* Race,
 ' The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
 ' 'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
 ' For Hell would then employ her Fiend in vain.
 ' He never knew to prostitute the State,
 ' Never by being guilty to be Great.
 ' Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
 ' Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
 ' *Rome's* subtle Priests with Sophistry essay'd,
 ' With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance lay'd,
 ' To shock his Faith; but nothing could controul
 ' The firm Resolves of his unbyass'd Soul,
 ' True to his Conscience, as the Needle to the Pole.
 ' Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
 ' He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;
 ' Whilst others keep their Int'rest still in view,
 ' And meaner Spirits meaner ends pursue.
 ' So the fixt Stars harmoniously comply
 ' With the *first* Publick Motion of the Sky,
 ' Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move,
 ' Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
 She stopp'd---for now her Anger 'gan to rise,
 Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkl'd in her Eyes.
 And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
 That she was forc'd the Worth, she hates, to Praise.

Ans. My L. of R--- is unexceptionable to any thing you alledge in his Commendation, and has all along behav'd himself both in a Publick and Private State, so as to gain the Esteem of all good Men. His Conduct has been unblameable ; His Sincerity and Affection to Her Majesty undeniable ; His Love to his Country indelible. But you might have shewn that Respect to the Queen, as to have spar'd the Lady that has been made choice of to reside the nearest to Her Royal Person, since Reflections upon the Servant may justly be said to squint towards the Mistress, and imply something to the Dishonour of a Princess that has fix'd Her Throne upon the lasting Foundations of Honour and Wisdom.

The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd. She took her flight
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

O *England* how revolving is thy State ?
How few thy Blessings ? how severe thy Fate ?
O destin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By those, whose Duty 'tis to serve and aid !
A griping, vile degenerate viper Brood,
That tears thy Vitals and exhaust thy Blood.
A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule pursue,
But often from their Principles anew ;
Unknowing where to lodge supreme Command,
Or in the King, or Peers, or People's Hand.
One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown ;
Who to his Subjects when at length Restor'd,
Without distinction was their common Lord.
What Party else to *David's* happy Throne,
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Absalon* ?
But when a King is moulded to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all sway confin'd ;
Nor in their own despotick boundless Reign,
Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain :

Nay

Nay with a *Standing Force* thy Sons would awe,
 The Subjects Slavery, the Tyrants Law.
 But if nor King nor Commons will comply
 With their detested Acts of Villany.
 They strive the Peers declining Pow'r to raise,
 And get *Impeachments* voted into Praise.
 Blest Patriots these, who Liberty employ,
 To ~~clude~~ thy Laws and Liberty destroy!

Ans. That *England* has been betray'd, is but too evident, but not by the Persons your Invectives are aim'd at. Who made that unprecedented Reformation in our *English* Coyn, but the Lord *Bathillo*? Who laid the Foundation of the Peace at *Reswyck*, but *Sigillo*? Who destroy'd 23 Ships of War belonging to our profess'd Enemies, but *Triton*? Who stood in the Gap when our Lives, Liberties, and Properties were in danger, but *Cledio*? Who makes the Funds, that were formerly Deficient, answer the Intents of them, but *Volpone*? And who asserts the Honour of our *English* Nobility in prompt and ready Payments, better than *Moro*? And yet these are the Subjects of Satyr in an Age that is so much benefited by them. Oh! *Tempore*! Oh! *Mores*!

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
 Which once inspir'd thy antients Patriots dead?
 Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
 When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
 Who spread like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
 To shelter and protect their Parent Ground;
 Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o're their Head,
 Yet all was safe beneath their Guardian Shade.
 Or sure Historians on our Faith impose,
 And never such a Race of Men arose;
 Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
 Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
 With-holds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Ans. Where indeed ! where is that Spirit gone, when Men are calumniated for Generous Dispositions, and traduc'd for doing that that should embalm their Memory, and immortalize their Actions till Time shall be no more ? Where is that Sense of Religion that should warm us into Zeal, and not inflame us into Persecution ? those Sociable Vertues that recommended our Forefathers to one another, as Brethren and Fellow-Creatures ; those admirable Examples of Peace and Union, Moderation and Tenderness for one another, that made us the Envy of our Friends, and the Terror of our Foes. Heav'n knows where these invisible Excellencies are, or when we shall recover them, while the Press is suffer'd to be the Trumpet of Sedition, and to cry aloud, *To your Tents, O Israel !*

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will sooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my Condoling Mournful Muse Presume
To Visit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried down }
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun. }
O may thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
That *Favorites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will Flourish, and with Her will End.
But my shock'd Thoughts the sad Idea shun,
(The sad Idea gives eternal Moan)
When she shall late, but ah ! too soon comply
With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky.
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown ?
Who represent the Mother, but the Son ?
O ! had the Pow'r, that governs humane Fate
His Years extended to a longer Date,
To what transcendence had his Genius sprung,
Which was so Ripe, so Perfect, yet so Young ;
But when fresh blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim
The lasting Structure of his Beautious Frame,

When

VVhen Health and Vigour with a kind preſage, .
 Promis'd the hoary Happineſs of Age ;
 Then with a Momentary ſwift Decay,
 Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was ſnatch'd away.
 So by the courſe of the revolving Sphears,
 VVhen'e'r a new diſcover'd Star appears ;
 Aſtronomers with Pleaſure and Amaze
 Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
 They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
 Some Bleſt, ſome more than common Influence.
 But ſuddenly alas ! the fleeting Light
 Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless Night.

Anſ. Our Great loſs in the Duke of *Gloceſter*, was juſtly call'd
 down upon us by our Inteſtine Diviſions, and the Concern you have
 ſhewn for that excellent young Prince, will, I hope, make you add
 to your good Wiſhes, which you ſeem to make for the long Life
 of His Royal Mother. *Matre adeptos Puero ſuperaddite Menſes*, is
 the Petition all Loyal Subjects ſhould invoke Heaven with. And
 ſince there are ſome remaining yet of the Proteſtant Line as call'd to
 the Succeſſion by Act of Her Parliament ; ſince Her Majeſty is not
 of an Age, as yet, that is paſt Child-bearing, we have no Reaſon
 to diſtruſt Providence, but out of its wonted Grace and Favour,
 notwithstanding our paſt Demerits, it may yet bleſs us with ſuch
 a Reign, after the beſt of Queens may be call'd hence to a more Glo-
 rious Kingdom, as may ſecure the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Rights to our
 Poſterity, which we now ſo happily Enjoy.

F I N I S.

When his and Vision with a kind
 found the hoary happiness of
 then with a Momentary twist
 Thy Bird, thy darling hope was
 so by the course of the revolving
 When a new world did
 Astronomers with Pleiades and
 Upstart the faint luminary
 They find their Heav'n enlarged, and wait from thence
 Some Bless, some more than common
 But to kindly alas! the living
 Nothing leaves their hopes involved in

And Our Great loss in the Day of
 down upon us by the
 drawn for each of us
 to your good with
 of His Royal
 the Persian
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